

“I swear these things are *fascinating*. It's not exactly like what the Zonai used but it's just close enough to make my ears tingle a bit every time you show me one of your.. what did you call them again, Saren?”

It was hard not to smile. The Turian watched as Princess Zelda and Link poked around the crates that were being moved from where his airship had finally come down.

“Magitek. Part mechanical device, part arcane construct, both disciplines contributing something unique to the way it functions. The ship itself is the same, just much larger. Which – thank you again for helping with getting it relocated somewhere safe until I can get it running again. That was going to be entirely impossible on my own.”

The Princess waved dismissively over the notion and dug around in one of the packed crates, plucking up a small device from it. It looked odd, like a series of increasingly small orbs ending in a cone at the end with a handle and some writing on it she couldn't read.

“Small price to pay, honestly. I can't *wait* to study some of these things. I'll give them all back afterward, I promise. I just need to get a grasp on the basic principles so I can try to recreate-”

It hadn't dawned on Zelda that the small switch near the handle was anything terribly important. That it might do something – anything at all – of consequence. Certainly not that it would produce a streak of energy that shot through the air and strike Link in the back. For a moment Zelda near panicked, but Saren put a hand up to calm her while Link let out a surprised yelp.. but nothing else. At least, not for the first moment.

“..It's alright! It's not uh.. well, it won't *hurt* him. Just-”

A demand for an explanation *would* have followed that if it weren't for Link's body providing all the answers immediately. His clothing shredded itself and burst into a haphazard cluster of rags as his body abruptly expanded in just about every direction. The skinny twink of a warrior lost his old figure in mere moments, replaced by a soft and flabby physique that left him unbalanced and befuddled.. and embarrassed from the look of it. There was a deep blush across Link's cheeks – and a *throbbing* hard cock poking out from under his thick belly.

“Oh.. *Oh my*. These uh, these are commonplace for you.. then? I- would- if you could.. perhaps, maybe agree to some kind of..”

Zelda trailed off mid-thought. Link had been looking to Saren for some kind of explanation or other manner of address at that moment so neither of them was paying adequate attention when

the Princess just felt the impulse settle in, surrendered to it, and shot Link again – and this time she held the button down and let the coruscating wave of light it produced bathe Link's body for a good few seconds. Instinct told the warrior to dodge out of the way if he had nothing to block with, but having a hundred and fifty spare pounds of blubber on his frame made his reactions a bit duller and who would ever have expected the Princess to just.. shoot him *again* anyway?

That meant he hesitated – and hesitating meant Link's body thickened up drastically all over again. Soft, pink fleshy ballooning outward was the energy from the device sank into him and multiplied what fat it could find. For the first burst that had been remarkably little, but now? Not it had something to work with and Link felt the matter get out of hand *immediately*. His ass practically exploded behind him and flung his thighs apart as they pressed into each other and demanded more space than he could give them. His belly leapt outward with all the consequences of an entire lifetime of feasting piled onto it in mere moments at the behest of a small handheld device. His chest and his arms fared no better, big pillowy things now that quivered and jiggled with every little movement from the warrior.

Given his fattened state most of his 'movement' just consisted of toppling backward onto his ass and landing like a flabby meteor. Link felt his butt sink into the grass and his belly rumble.. and then went a little cross-eyed as the rest of the growth started to kick in. Between his massive ham shaped thighs and from under his flabby apron of a belly the warrior could feel his cock swelling too. The way all this weight felt, pinning him down like this, it was making for an intoxicating situation. Naked, on full display, and *totally* out of control of his own body? It was new, and Link was starting to find it exciting. He pawed at his chest and shivered as it started to drip a sweet smelling cream, but the aroma was overpowered when what looked like a third leg poked out from under his gut.

The sheer size of the Hylian's dick was leaving him light-headed as it grew larger and he found himself struggling with having enough blood to keep the thing going at the same time as the rest of his capacity to think and do much of anything. It was still growing to boot, sneaking inch by inch out from his belly and ensuring that between that cock, his wide-splayed legs, and his mammoth ass that Link couldn't even hope to get off the ground on his own. He could barely manage to move his arms enough to try and sign his concerns to the Princess.

Of course to Saren that mostly just looked like a whole lot of wild, lard-laden gesticulating. Zelda seemed to understand but she was also the one holding the fattening ray and Saren was

starting to question the wisdom in that situation, but also his capacity to alter it in any meaningful way without ending up the same as Link.

“Oh *come on*. You're *fine*. I can see how hard you're blushing and that giant dick of yours is leaking all over the place already so I know you love this.”

The Princess was right about that much, which was a relief of sorts to Saren. Link perhaps not so much, the warrior was still awkwardly managing sign language with his sausage-thick fattened fingers but it was clearly a struggle just to keep his arms lifted up where they were. Let alone to manage to form complex symbols with them while dealing with how needy that dick of his seemed to be. It was already starting to throb and leak generously, much like Link's moobs were doing. Zelda was already ambling over, sticking her foot into the massive expanse of belly and shaking it vigorously.

“Damn right your husband is going to love this. I half expect Revali to insist I shoot you at least one more time when he sees you. Of course.. we're going to have to ship you back home with the cargo lifts, same as the crates.”

Zelda had an *unsettling* grin on her face as she turned to look at Saren next.

“..Does this wear off, by the way? Or have some other kind of reversal..?”

The question definitely didn't do anything to set the Turian at ease, but when a Princess asks one is expected to answer.

“..Nope. Err, not yet anyway. It never seemed all that necessary before, so-”

A grin crept onto Zelda's face again as she aimed the gun back at Link once more.

“Good.”